

## WHEN BEN CAME HOME

By LESTER ROSE.

Vesta sunk wearily upon a shoe box and stared forlornly about her. The last of the packing was accomplished. The last nail had been driven home into the shoe box, which contained the books that were to be kept out for the new home. The rest of the beloved library remained in the cases, gape showing where the selections had been made.

The corner of the lower shelf had been the resting place of the blue and silver "Pilgrim's Progress" ever since Vesta could remember. A book to be taken out Sunday afternoons and carried to the gentle mother, who patiently explained time after time the meaning of the fascinating wood cuts.

There was a very large gap where the encyclopedias had been. She had bought those with the eggs and butter money. As her eyes roamed over the partly filled cases she could fill every gap from memory.

And as it was with the books, so was it with the rest of the household belongings. Here and there a black corner reminded her of some familiar object now stacked in the woodshed. Very little was to be shipped, for the way was far and freight rates were high. To-morrow the neighbors would gather and John Berwin would hang out the red flag. By nightfall the house would be emptied and its contents scattered through the farmhouses for miles around.

Tears came unbidden to Vesta's eyes as she looked about. Her earliest memories were of the home living-room with its rag carpet and the comfortable racking chairs on either side of the stove in winter or standing in front of the north window in summer, when the double sashes were taken down and the wind blew through the house, softly scented by the blooms from the orchard on the other side of the well-kept fence.

It was the same Vesta had ever known. It seemed to the tired girl that she could never learn to love another half so well.

Until her mother's death Vesta had been shielded from all trouble. Here she had come back from the little hill ground on a hill, she had found occupation and forgetfulness in her efforts to make her father forget his loss. She had even refused to marry Ben Folsom because she had considered it her duty to stay by her father and comfort him in his sorrow.

Ben had gone West and she was left more than ever alone. Then had come that terrible day, a year and a week after her mother's death, when her father had driven into the yard with Sadie Connors, who had been teaching school over at the corners, and had announced his marriage.

Vesta tried to learn to love this gaunt, bustling woman, whose every trait was the antithesis of the woman whose place she took, but the new Mrs. Brewster had repulsed every advance. She hated young persons; she had married to be rid of them, and she treated the stepdaughter with scant courtesy.

The ways of the household were amended to suit her radical tastes. The old rockers were sent to the attic as too old-fashioned, and two upholstered monstrosities had taken their places. The other memorials of Vesta's mother quickly followed the rockers to the garret and the house was completely changed in appearance, as were the occupants in their attitude toward each other.

And now even the old homestead was to be given up. The fertile farm was to be sold and the household goods to be auctioned off. Mrs. Brewster had decided that the Northwest offered greater opportunities for her husband, and they were to move to Manitoba and start afresh in the west.

Mrs. Brewster hustled into the room. "Come and eat some supper," she commanded. "Don't sit there looking as if you were dead."

though you were too weak to walk. I've done twice as much as you have to-day and I got the supper, too, but I don't look half as tired as you do. Stop moaning here in the dark and come out and have a cup of tea."

"I don't feel like eating," answered Vesta, the sob rising in her throat. To this woman the abandonment of the home meant nothing. She could not understand what it meant to the girl.

"You'll be hungry by and by," she said, sharply. "There'll be some cold things in the pantry, but I'm not going to make any more tea."

She hustled out and left Vesta to herself. Wearily the girl rose from the bed and left the house. She could hear her father laughing and joking with her stepmother, and the noise of mirth fell offensively upon her ears.

There was deepening to dark and the air was chill, but Vesta did not feel the need of a shawl. She wandered down the road, past the white gate to the little bridge that spanned the creek.

There she loved to lean upon the rail and watch the sunset over the fertile fields. The sun had long since dropped below the hills, but the girl's overwrought imagination could conjure up the scenes of the past. She leaned upon the rail and looked out across the fields, now bristling

with the frost-kissed stubble. She could see again the glories of the waning day. She could almost hear a voice whispering in her ear.

Her hands clutched the rough bark of the wood as in memory she lived over that night when she had sent Ben Folsom away because she thought it her duty to remain with her father and console him for his loss. She thought of the sharp-faced woman who was sitting opposite him at the kitchen table, discussing their new home in the West, and then she thought of the gentle-faced woman who still lived in her daughter's heart, if not in her husband's.

"So lost was she in her thoughts that she never heard the quick tread of an approaching pedestrian, nor heeded his presence until a brown hand closed over her slender fingers."

"Did I startle you?" demanded Ben, as she started back with a cry. "I was on my way to your house. I got in this afternoon and heard the news. Do you want to go to Canada, Vesta?"

"I would rather die," she murmured, passionately. "It is like a second burial to go away and leave mother up there on the hill all alone."

"And your father?" he asked, gently. "Do you still feel that he needs you more than I do?"

"How much do you need me?" she demanded, shyly.

"So much that I have come almost across the continent to ask you again if you will marry me," he declared. "I have done well out West; far better than I anticipated. I can buy the farm, perhaps we can arrange with your father to buy the furniture, too, and we will make a new home where the old one was. Are you willing, dear?"

"Not for the sake of a home," said Vesta, softly, "but because you want me, Ben, and because I want you, too, dear."

(Copyright, 1908.)

bell mushroom order. The fur forms the steep, sloping brim, which is rather wide.

Soft plush hats for men, in brown and gray, are displayed by smart hatters, who say they are the newest thing for motoring and golfing.

Pony coats and h-t coats have long sleeves and narrow shawl collars; the half-fitted coats are of hip, three-quarter, and full length.

Whole skins are used in handsome neckties, so arranged that they cross at the back, and often one single animal is used for the necktie.

A dainty present for a woman is a single round vanity box of dull gold, with a single diamond set in the lid. It holds powder puff and powder.

Neckties and moufs are trimmed with numerous heads and tails. The heads are softer and more natural in their modeling than they have been of recent years.

Hand embroideries are used more than ever on elaborate toilettes. The work is of the best, and in response to the Parisian influence, shows touches of rich color.

Tulle and chiffon neck ruffs of quite possible smartness can now be purchased for about \$2. They are sprinkled with velvet dots on self-color or tiny white dots.

Embossed tulle is a new freak in a hat of the big

Wire frames wrapped with ribbon are shown to support the hats which have perishable materials underneath. The daintiest of these have small sachets suspended from the top of the frame.

A black velvet band an inch in width, had four small buckles of pearls. This was to be worn around the throat. Other pieces of velvet had cameo or gem precious stones connected by chains of gold.

A unique parasol handle was a shepherd's crook in the curve of which was fastened a watch.

Plaid furs, rubber-lined, are shown to hold overshoes. These will fit into a small space and are useful to a traveler.

Most useful are clothes bags open at the bottom as well as the top. Instead of turning the bag inside out, the bottom is unbuttoned.

Attractive pincushions made of small flowers of ribbon, which were painted and put on round pieces of silk-covered cardboard.

They are amusing. Ever reason them out? The tonic effect is Grecian.

Girdles are Empire at the back. Greek key embroidery takes us to Greece again.

Sleeves, despite variations, are upon Japanese lines. Metal-decked evening scarfs are distinctly Egyptian.

The bolero is but the zouave jacket of the unspeakable Turk. Spanish lace naturally brings Alfonso's land on the scene.

The Easter Lily. To hasten the flowers of the Easter lily, it should be kept in a temperature of not less than 60 degrees at night; even warmer will be better. After the flowers appear the plant may be kept in a temperature of 50 degrees.

loose and straight from the neck. The yoke may be omitted if desired and the neck finished with either a rolling or a standing collar; while the sleeves may be made either in the graceful, flowing style or in the three-quarter puff. Silk, crepe, cashmere, challis, or any soft stuff will be used for making, 3/4 yards 24 inches wide being required for the medium size. Seven sizes, \$2 to 44 inches bust measure.

This pattern may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth Street, Washington, D. C. and giving number of pattern (2784) and size wanted.

## FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

I have just received a bit of paper containing the formula of a remedy for gall stones, and because it was contributed by a woman who was cured by it through the skill of an old nurse. It is so simple and harmless, that one's family physician could not possibly object to it. I am preparing to give it to anybody who wants it sufficiently to say so and send a self-addressed and stamped envelope. I am not permitted to mention in this column the names of those who have wares upon the market, else I would print this remedy in full for the benefit of all.

A group of women, all of whom had been touched by sickness this winter, were discussing remedies the other day, and it was generally conceded that medicines were not particularly popular.

Common sense and correct living had done more for them than drugs, and they had acted under medical advice at that.

For the nerves one woman declared for fresh air and sensible periods of rest and for stomach trouble another vouched for the virtues of drinking water, two quarts a day, with perfect mastication of all foods.

For emaciation, another has found a remedy in hot milk, a small cupful in the middle of both forenoon and afternoon and at bedtime.

For common headache, one member of the party recommended a walk in the fresh air—and an inspection of the gas fittings by a man who knows his business. She related an experience of her own to strengthen her advice. After recovering from an illness she took up her old habit of spending the forenoon in sewing, save when she had social engagements or shopping to be done. She found that her recovery from the effects of illness were not satisfactory as she alternated between good days and those which sent her to bed for part of the time. Her bad feelings & shed principally of headache, weakness in the arms and hands, and drowsiness, the latter symptom being regarded by her doctor as a serious matter.

On one of these bad days a member of the household sought her in the little room set apart for sewing, and declared as she entered the room that she could detect a strong odor of gas. A gas-fitter was immediately summoned, and a leak located in each of the two bracket-fixtures in the room. If being too late in the afternoon to turn off the gas in the cellar and make repairs, he put a thick layer of soap over the suspected places and supplied new fixtures the next day.

The woman had been steadily improving in health every day, because she has a habit of keeping a window open to supply the house with fresh air. That habit prevented the escaping of gas from leaving more serious results than the headache and weakness. Whenever it can be possibly managed, this woman takes a brisk walk somewhere near midday, when the sun is strongest, and she has not had a trace of headache for months. A young woman who has been in poor health all winter has cast aside the doctors who did not accomplish more than to keep her out of bed a part of the time, in favor of an automobile which is in commission every day when the weather is so atrocious. Now she is really recovering.

BETTY BRADGEE.

THE TOILET TABLE

If You Fear a Felon.

When you first feel a sensation of pain in the fingers that may mean a felon, at once put rock salt in the oven, pulverize it and mix with equal parts of turpentine. This mixture applied frequently will destroy within twenty-four hours even a felon that has made some headway.

To Strengthen Eyesight.

Eyes may often be strengthened by several times each day lightly pressing the eyeballs. Always rub from the nose toward the temples. Also dash the eyes frequently with cold water; in fact, whenever the face is washed.

Removing Chinders from the Eye.

A simple remedy for removing chinders from the eye is to dip a small and perfectly clean camel's hair brush in water and pass it over the ball of the eye. This operation requires little skill and generally removes all particles of dust instantly without danger of inflammation. Of course, this remedy is not suggested for the train, where no one could get the brush.

Headache and Cold Feet.

Often it is found that a chronic sufferer from headache also complains of cold feet. This shows bad circulation, and it should be strengthened. A simple and helpful remedy is to bathe the feet in cold water night and morning and rub briskly with a flesh brush or Turkish towel.

Hair Cleanliness.

A distinguished physician states that if the scalp is kept thoroughly clean one rarely contracts contagious diseases. This doctor, who has worked long among immigrants and the poorer classes, declares that when the hair is allowed to become dirty and matted it is almost impossible to escape infection.

THE TOUCH OF GREEN.

It is chic just now.

It includes the kid slippers of rich laurel green.

These are very elegant when worn with a black evening gown.

A green ribbon of the same shade should be wound about the hair.

A last touch a large green chiffon shawl is wrapped about the figure.

USE IT GENTLY.

Tearing, pulling, or breaking the hair by rough combing and brushing is injurious to the scalp, and may in time destroy the hair follicles.

If the hair is fine and mats easily, always thread it first with the fingers before using either a comb or brush on it.

Do not brush jerkily; instead, give long, even strokes, parting the hair down the middle and brushing to each side.

Scalloped Oysters.

One level tablespoon butter, one-third cup thin cream or milk, one pint oysters, one cup buttered cracker crumbs, salt and pepper. Melt the butter in the blazer and add the cream. When hot add half the oysters, which should be cleaned and thoroughly drained. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and add half the crumbs. Add remaining oysters, more salt and pepper, and remaining crumbs. Cover and cook until the oysters are plump, and serve at once.

The Hot-water Cure.

Any plants small enough to handle can be rid of insect pests by dipping them in water heated to 140 degrees. Don't be fearful of this treatment, as the plants will not suffer the slightest hurt, and the red spider and other insects will.

Rusty Steel Ornaments.

To clean rusty steel ornaments, a paste is made of powdered crocus and turpentine. This is rubbed on the ornament, and left to dry. Then brushed off, and the steel is polished with a chamois leather.

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**SKANN-SONS & CO.**  
8th St. & Pa. Ave.  
"THE BUSY CORNER"

# RAZORS

Worth up to \$2.98

## CHOICE, 59c.

A new Razor for less than it costs to have the old, worn-out one honed twice.

No cheap or "saw" razors in the lot. Every razor is from the WAYNE CUTLERY CO. This concern occupies a commanding position in the cutlery world. It makes none but high-class goods. It employs nearly a hundred traveling salesmen, each of whom carries from one dozen to three dozen razor samples. We buy other goods from this house, and our business is large enough to be appreciated. We were offered the entire collection of samples when taken up for the season. And these are the goods offered.

Not one razor worth less than \$1.50, and up to \$2.98

There are probably a hundred styles—large and small blades, partial and full hollow ground, bone, rubber, campestion, metal, and celluloid handles in almost innumerable shapes. All offered at the one price, 59c. Sale, First Floor, Bargain Tables.

Three good razors for the price of one.

Madam, why not buy two or three for husband, son, or brother?

Partly raiment for little folks in dancing classes is the vital topic in sewing-rooms where boys and girls are fitted out. The shops are displaying many fancy French dresses for gala seasons, made of soft silks and of lawns and lace, but the average child, growing like a weed, is not indulged in the imported costume which is purchased by the few.

The leap year party is the feature of the year 1908. At these functions the girls put on a note of masculine attire and the boys frolic as girls. As a rule little girls confine their costumes to boyish coats, hats, canes, stiff collars and ties.

A quaint little costume appeared at a dancing class. A small girl wore a scarlet coat with mannish collar and cuffs of buff, and a man's silk hat set on her head, the hat slipping down to her ears. Now and then boyish costumes of knickerbockers are worn, but it is preferred to keep girls in their petticoats. The boys who frolic as girls wear rampart bows of ribbon on their heads, big hats, washes, fancy waists and aprons, and were allowed a wide range in feminine attire.

For a Valentine party a pretty girl's costume can be made of white net decorated with wreaths of red beads, and the masquerades afford a play of the imagination in the impersonation of characters.

Society has decreed a greater deference to mourning costumes than has been seen in some time. Crave veils are not obligatory, though black and the tasteful arrangements of lavender and gray and white of half mourning have been designed for this affliction.

For house gowns on receiving the visits of friends in the first weeks of mourning, the New Idea Woman's Magazine recommends: Cashmere silk-warp henriettes, crepe de chine, and louisine silk are appropriate for these dresses. An attractive princess gown of crepe de chine is made with a round yoke of black silk and bands of crepe. The belt and cuffs are of crepe and the skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a deep border of the same.

A woman does not ordinarily go from deep mourning directly into colors. There is generally a transition stage known as second mourning, during which she wears gray, lavender and white. A pretty dress for the second mourning is shown. It is

of lavender cologne, made after a simple but effective model. The waist is plaited from shoulder to belt on the sides and is made with an oval yoke of white net trimmed with applique in the same tone as the dress. The elbow sleeves are especially graceful.

Extremely wide borders of black on handkerchiefs, no paper and cards, are no longer considered in good taste. The width of the border on cards and stationery diminishes as the period of mourning lengthens. Men wear black bands on their hats for deep mourning, but the black band on the sleeve is not correct for either men or women. It is an English custom, created for servants and people too poor to afford regular mourning.

The shop windows are full of the shimmer of spring silks at astonishingly low prices. Light-weight frocks of these pretty fabrics are very serviceable. Checks and stripes rival for favor. The checks are larger than the pinheads of last season, and there are artistic plaids in black and white and blue and white and green and green and white. Pale blue and Nile green make a fresh, attractive combination.

To be real smart, the petticoat frilled with black-edged embroidery uses an insertion with black ribbon. The pale pink an much embroidery, with ribbons, are odd additions to a trousseau. Of course the colored embroidery skirts are worn for afternoon or for mornings and for service wear. The reds and blues give a note of color to children's clothing.

A handsome trimming is made from coarse cotton net, with a pattern of mercerized cotton or linen floss. The Greek key border and designs of that order are preferred and are drawn by hand through the net. For a dainty gown a set of trimmings may be planned of a wash net, and the design run with silver thread or gold thread.

A gray gown worn at a recent reception had sleeves decorated with a Greek key border in darker gray silk. Another gown showed an elaborate trimming made of several colors of heavy floss silk that produced an Oriental effect.

Wash net also is elaborately braided with silver and is used for entire waists. So much of this trimming depends on the originality of the dressmaker. The cost of a waist of heavy cream wash net embroidered with narrow blue silk braid or with handsome black silk braid is very small for the materials. The chief expense lies in the designing and in the handwork which the sewers must put-up-on it.

THE MAID AND MATRON

Partly raiment for little folks in dancing classes is the vital topic in sewing-rooms where boys and girls are fitted out. The shops are displaying many fancy French dresses for gala seasons, made of soft silks and of lawns and lace, but the average child, growing like a weed, is not indulged in the imported costume which is purchased by the few.

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